A grecuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Tetchie and waiward was thy infancy,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wild and furious:
Thy age confirmde, proud subtile, bloudie trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy company?
King. Faith none but *Humphrey* houre, that cald your grace
To breakefast once forth of my company:
If it be so grarious in your sight,
Let me march on and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance
Ere from his warre thou turne a conquerour,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauy curse,
Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleate armour that thou wearst,
My prayers on the aduerse party fight,
And there the little soules of *Edwards* children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemyes,
And promise them successe in victory,
Bloody thou art and bloody will be thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though farr more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say amen to all.
King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters, *Richard*
They shall be praying nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues,
King. You haue a daughter cald *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.
Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her manners, staine her beauty,
Slander my selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed,
Throw ouer her the vaile of infamy,
So she may liue vnscarde from bleeding slaughter,

I will confesse she was not
King, Wrong not her birt
Qu. To saue her life, Ile sa
King. Her life is onely safe
Qu. And onely in that saf
King. Loe at their births g
Qu. No to there liues bad
King. All vnauoyded is th
Qu. True when auoyded
My babes were destinde to
If grace had blest thee wit
King, Madam so thriue I in
As intend more good to you
Then euer you and yours w
Qu. What good is couere
To be discouered that can d
King. The aduancement o
Qu. Vp to some scaffold, t
King, No to the dignity
The hight inperiall tipe of th
Qu. Flatter my sorrowes
Tell me what state, what dig
Canst thou demise to any c
King. Euen all I haue, yea
Will I endow a child of th
So in the Lethe of thy angr
Thou drowne the sad reme
Which thou suppossest I hau
Qu, Be briefe, least that th
Last longer telling then thy
King Then know that fro
Qu, My daughters mothe
King. What doe you thi
Qu. That thou doest loue
So from thy soule didst tho
And from my hearts loue,
King. Be not so hastie to c
I meane that with my soul
And meane to make her Qu